

Him and Her by DeadEyes'Void

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Summary: A small story with one of my own characters and Dustin. May have some one-shots, info for my character is on my profile. Up to you to find if it's good.

1. Can ya help me?

Heyyyyyyy... I need an intro. But anyways, this is just something I put together for fun. I may not continue, but I hope it's enjoyed. Dustin is my favorite character, but I can't ever seem to find any stories about him, so I made one. Also, Tews is the Hendersons new cat, I had to look it up, see if I was right. The info for Echo is on my profile.

Dustin was at home. He was bored, with nothing to do. Lucas was at home, grounded from fighting with his sister. Mike was hanging with El, and he didn't feel like being the third wheel. Everyone knew Mike likes El, and El likes Mike. He could hang with Will. Will was fun.

He got up, heading for the phone.

"Hey mom! I'm gonna call Will, see if we can hangout." He called to his mom, who was watching TV with their new cat, Tews.

She turned to him, smiling. "All right Dustie, just be home by 8."

"Will do." He nodded, grabbing the phone. He had always made sure to memorize all his friends numbers, so it just took a moment to think before dialing. The phone rang, but in the end, no-one answered. Ugghghhhhh.

Maybe he could just to the arcade. He slowly walked back to his room. "He isn't picking up. I'm gonna go on to the arcade!"

He heard his mom approve, and he grabbed some coins. Maybe now he could beat Dragon Knight without his friends yelling at him, or get all his high scores back.

He headed out, grabbing his bike and getting on and pedaling off.

Echo was walking along the train tracks. She had just gotten off a small cargo train, and was heading towards Hawkins. It wasn't that far, so she walked. She had never been to Hawkins, and it wasn't that big of a town, so she shouldn't get too much attention.

She dug around in her pocket, kicking a few rocks out of her way. She pulled out 2 dollars, a quarter, 2 dimes and 2 penny's. She sighed. Well, maybe she could get a small job. Or maybe this would be enough for a meal. Her stomach growled.

"Great." She muttered. Definitely not enough money. She cut into the woods, figuring there was a road she could follow if she walked far enough.

Sure enough, after a bit of walking, she found a dirt road. The ground was gravel and dirt, but looked like it hadn't been used in ages. She knew the direction she had to go in, but as she looked both ways, the road seemed to go on forever. With another sigh, she headed down the road.

The sun seemed about to go down, and she had been walking down that road for a while. She figured no hope, and decided to head through that woods. Echo did know that dark woods would be dangerous, but what if a car or an unfriendly person came down there. If a car couldn't see her, since the only clothes she had were dark, they may not be able to see her and she could get injured. Maybe this was someones property, and they felt at liberty to shoot intruders.

The sun was still up, so maybe she could get through the woods. She glanced behind her, then hurried into the bushes.

She had to shove away plenty of branches, and narrowly avoided plenty of plants that she was sure carried poison. She was exhausted, having also ran out of water down that road. *Fuck me and my inability to pack.* She thought, and took off her backpack. It had been feeling heavy, and slowing her down. She just held it as she walked, feeling more comfortable. Soon, ahead, she began to see lights through the tree's.

"Finally." She murmured, hurrying through the trees. Unfortunately, she wasn't watching where she went, and felt her foot get caught on something as she flung up in the air. She yelped, and steadied. She was now upside down, and hanging from her foot. Her bag was flung away, and she began to feel her knife slide out of her pocket.

"No no no no no!" She lunged her hands at it, but completely missed it. "Goddamnit!" she shouted, reaching for her knife. She couldn't reach it, and looked back up. She was being suspended by a snare trap.

"Who the fuck makes snare traps so high off the ground?" She muttered to herself. She hung there for a minute, then leaned up to try to pull her foot loose. Echo knew she wasn't that flexible, and it took a bit to get her foot. She picked at the noose knot, but it wouldn't come. "Son of a bitch." She swore.

Wait... wasn't there a town up there? Maybe she could get someones attention. "Hey! Anyone up there?" She began to call.

Dustin was riding towards home, having spent all his quarters. He hadn't managed to beat Dragons Lair, and was pretty pissed about that. He had just barely gotten under Max's score on Digdug, and all the other games. He spent some time picking up quarters under the games, and finding some coins people had left behind. Keith had gotten angry at that, saying that those quarters were like 'half his paycheck', and insisting Dustin give them to him, which caused an argument.

Pretty good time though, he thought, and on one game, he *did* get over Max's score. *Yay for me!* He had thought, though it was a crappy game that he didn't care much about. He left at 7:54, and had to hurry.

"Uuggghh, moms gonna kill me." He knew, pressing on some speed.

"Hey! Anyone out there?"

Dustin skidded to a halt, peering down into the woods. He could have sworn he heard someone. Maybe it was someone else. It sounded like a girl, maybe his age?

"You, person who just stopped! Can ya help?" *Shit* they saw him.

"U-um, yeah? Who's there."

"Wow, great way to say hello." The voice sarcastically called back.

Dustin slowly began to put his bike down. "Yeah, I say only the best greetings."

He heard laughing. His joke must have *actually* been funny.

"But really, can you help? I promise I can *not* reach my knife."

"That's reassuring." He muttered, making his way through the trees. Soon, he saw the glint of something on the ground, and a slightly spilled back a few feet away.

"Up here!" He glanced up. He expected to see someone caught by the shirt, or just unable to get down at all. He blinked as he saw a girl hanging from her foot, upside down.

"Told ya I couldn't reach my knife." She stared at him. She had bright green eyes with hints of yellow, and short, fluffy hair that barely fell past her nose. "If you could just hand it to me though, that'd be dandy." She pointed to the glinting object.

He nodded, and reached down, looking over the object until he found a handle. It was a black switchblade, somewhat looking like Troy's, except this one had markings on it. It looked like the girl had taken a rock or scrap-metal, and drawn dragons into it. He lifted it and handed it to her.

"Better stand away." She said, moving until she could reach the rope, and cut through it. It must have been a sharp knife, because it cut through that thick rope very quickly, causing her to fall on top of Dustin with an "Oof!" (**Cue the memes**) and knocking the wind out of Dustin. She rolled off, and Dustin looked at her through a better lighting. She was pretty, and looked like quite dirty. She smiled at him crookedly, and he noticed that her jaw was dis-aligned, looking like it had been broken.

"You alright?" She held out a hand for him to stand up with, which surprised him. The only girls that were nice were either moms, Nancy, El and Max. He took her hand, and she pulled him up.

"Yap, totally didn't just have a girl fall on me from the trees." He nodded jokingly. She chuckled. "Now that I'm pretty sure I don't

have to say hello, who are you? I've never seen you here before. And never seen someone hanging from a tree like that." He had never seen her around, even though he didn't know everyone at his school, she looked like a Middleschooler.

"Oh, I'm Echo, new here. Moved in a couple blocks away, just was exploring." She shrugged.

"This late?" He raised an eyebrow.

"I like the night." She answered a bit too fast.

Dustin figured she was lying. He had heard lies, and experienced them enough, so he was suspicious.

"Well, I better go. My moms gonna kill me." He shook his head, hurrying out and grabbing his bike, he began to pedal away.

"Wait!" Echo called after him. "I never got your... name..." She trailed off, watching him pedal away.

2. I came for your name

Response to: phieillydinyia - Yes, Decho! Perfect. And also, I forgot about the knife, so its probably in the Upside Down now. Not sure what happened to it.

Echo was finishing up a purchase at a local groceries store. She had just gotten some water and all the snacks she could get, since she couldn't afford any real food. She made her purchase and exited, having only a few coins left. That was fine, she had already scoped out some work. The lady at the counter was nice, her name was Joyce, said the patch on her uniform. It was strange, since most workers always seem angry, bored, and certainly not wanting to be there.

The town was quiet, nice. She liked it. Perhaps she would stay longer than she thought. Well, if she wasn't found. She had made trouble with a gang a while ago, and they seemed to find her everywhere. She didn't understand their problem. She had been getting food, while stopped in New York, and she had camped out in an ally. Some guys started harassing her, telling her to stay out of their town. Apparently they didn't like Canadians, so she told them to fuck off. Well, she told that to the wrong guys, and got in a fight. Narrowly avoided the police, that day.

Echo wandered down the street, looking around. A few buildings, some houses, people wandering around. She saw some kids that looked her own age, but they didn't notice her, so she left them. She didn't like to be around people that much, anyways.

So she found a nice, empty area where she could eat, and she did just that. Her mind wandered to the boy last night. She never got his name... *That's fine, I don't really care.* She thought, shrugging it off, though in the back of her head she knew she did care. It's a small town, she would run into him eventually. Plus, a friend is always good to have.

There were birds overhead, and she was watching them. A few hawks and what looked like Sparrows. Well, the hawks made sense, she thought.

There was music playing, and she saw a group of high-school teens messing around across the street. A group of guys who literally looked like they were about to egg the house in front of them. *This should be fun.* She chuckled.

Dustin, Lucas, Will, Mike and Max were riding their bikes and skateboard through town. School just let out, since its a Tuesday, and Max always seemed to prefer to go with them rather Billy.

"Hey guys? Do you know anyone who makes snare traps?" Dustin broke the silence. He thought about that girl, and he wasn't even sure how that even happened. No-one really made traps.

"Why? You tryna catch yourself a girlfriend?" Max spoke up.

"Ha ha." Dustin rolled his eyes.

"Maybe the hunting store clerk? I mean, what are you trying to catch?" Mike suggested.

"Nothing, I just, I saw one." He shook his head, and rode on. No one had known anything about new people in town, and shouldn't that girl have shown up at school? She could be home-schooled, or just unpacking, but most of him couldn't believe that. *She might be a runaway.* But his mind drifted elsewhere. *Or maybe she's like El.* That didn't seem very plausible though, as the lab shut down a while ago. Maybe there are other labs? Well shit then, if that was the deal.

He let an arm drop, and listened to his friends chat. He noticed two men wearing black leather jackets with odd symbols on the jackets. He didn't recognize them, and their hair looked kind of like El's when she showed up at the Byers, slicked back and kind of spiked at the back. They were smoking something, probably a drug like weed or something. His eyes trailed to odd shapes on their belts. He noticed guns strapped on, and his eyes widened. People don't really walk around with guns, especially in Hawkins. Or maybe they had heard about all the shit with the lab and wanted to stay protected? They passed by them though, so he couldn't figure anything else.

Dustin shook his head. Maybe they were here for something with the

police. He wasn't sure, but he did want to find out though. Not today, though. They were going to Hoppers cabin to hang with El, since she couldn't come out.

Echo yawned, and got up, finishing her food. She began walking again, intending to check out the town. Maybe there was an abandoned house she could stay in. Otherwise, she planned to make a fort in the woods.

It was a nice day, and hopefully the night would be cool. Anyways, all Echo hoped for was a bed that wasn't constantly moving and shaking (coughtraincough).

She spent hours around town. Lots of people gave her odd looks, and a few tried to go up to her. Echo wasn't sure why some people loved being around others so much. Some people were just so... so irritable. Others were tolerable, but she didn't care much, it never seemed to worth the risk of betrayal, in the end.

She headed to the woods, figuring she could find a better place to stay then the town. The sun was setting, and she had found nowhere to stay. The fort she would make would have to quick, and crappy. She would have to deal with it. The sun was setting, and she felt like an idiot for not starting sooner.

Echo made sure to pick up sticks along the way. Her eyes scanning the forests, looking for a good place to start. Her eyes landed on a clearing, which looked like it had been used for camping before. The quickest she could start with was stabbing sticks into the ground, and leaning others against it. She marked the trees around the clearing so she could find it easier, using the knife that previously disappeared but came back.

When she finished the amount of sticks she had, she got up to find more, trekking deeper into the woods to get more.

As the moon came out, and darkness settled, she realized that she probably couldn't find her way back.

"Shit! Why didn't I buy a flashlight?" She cursed, turning back with an

armful of sticks she hoped would fit.

"It's too dark out to ride. Why can't we wake up Hopper?" Echo's head popped up. She could have sworn she just heard voices. She looked down, then put the sticks down, moving towards the voice. She watched the ground, careful for any LURKING SNARES or sticks to break.

"Umm, I'm sorry, I'm pretty sure he sleeps with a gun and is *not* afraid to use it." She recognized that voice. It was the voice of the boy she met yesterday, the one who helped her. Reaching the bushes, she peeked out, spotting a darkened dirt road in front of her. She looked up it, spotting two boys on bikes, with another empty bike and a cabin behind them. A car was parked nearby, that read 'Hawkins Police'. Well, she was pretty sure it said that. "Besides, I think only Eleven could get him up, and he's probably drunk."

That was him! The boy she met! She smiled. *Wait, why am I smiling? Stop that!* She wanted to slap herself, but that would make too much noise. She wiped the smile off her face, but she still felt kind of excited.

"Where is Mike? I'm tired of waiting!" The other boy nearly shouted. She looked him over. He was tall, dark-skinned. He seemed impatient. Mike must have been the other kid.

"Probably giving El some goodbye kisses, like you and Max." The boy-she-met-yesterday grinned at the darkerskinned boy.

"I do not!" The other boy objected, just as someone came out the cabin. This boy was scrawny, and had pale skin, with black, messy hair. The boy, she guessed was Mike, hopped on the empty bike.

"Kay, I'm ready." 'Mike' said.

"Took ya long enough." The dark boy shook his head as 'Mike' began to pedal off. The boy-she-met-yesterday put his lips together like he was kissing, pointing it at the dark boy, who rolled his eyes and followed 'Mike'.

Maybe she could follow them and get to the boy-she-met-yesterday.

She grinned to herself. *STOP!* She mentally punched herself. How come she keeps smiling?

Soon, she realized she could no longer hide in the woods, and had to sneak out. She managed to hide around houses and trees, watching as 'Mike' went another way, and the dark boy stopping at a house very close. Just down the street, The boy-she-met-yesterday put his bike down in the yard.

How was she supposed to get his attention now? She looked around, and spotted a nearby couple of rocks. She picked a few up and chucked one at him, the rock hitting a wall nearby.

"Woah, what the shit?" The boy spun around. She crept closer. Maybe she could mess with him. The boy shook his head, turning back and heading for the door. She threw another.

"Okay, who's out there?" He called out. Echo was now a good distance, having made it to the wall. He walked out, past her. She smirked, creeping up behind him, getting in a position where her arms were up, and a creepy look on her face. "Must be the neighbors." He turned around.

"RAAWWRRR!"

The boy screamed and fell back, stumbling and almost falling. Echo burst out laughing, covering her mouth.

"Echo?!" The boy looked at her, panting. She wiped a tear from an eye, and looked up at him. "How did you know where I lived?"

She smirked. "I followed you."

"You followed me to my ho-"

"Dustie? Are you okay?" A voice peeked from the door, which was about to open.

"Yeah! I'm fine, just slipped." He jumped forward, holding the door closed before it could open.

The voice asked. "Are you sure?" She watched him, holding in a

laugh.

"Yeah, mom!" They waited for a minute, then the boy let off. "So what are you doing here?" He walked up to her, tilting his head slightly.

"Well, I mean, I never got your name." She shrugged.

Dustin raised an eyebrow. "You seriously followed me all the way to my home to find out my name?"

"More or less. You know *my* name. I think its fair."

He sighed, putting his hand onto his forehead, making her chuckle. "I'm Dustin." He said.

She nodded. "That's all I came for." *No its not.* A voice inside spoke. Wait what? *Yes it is!* She argued mentally.

"Well, then you can go home." Dustin sighed, turning and reaching for the door.

Oh shit! She forgot her fort! She was never gonna find it now. An idea popped into her head, suddenly

"Wait, Dustin!" She stopped him.

"Yeah?" He turned back to her.

She ducked her head, kind of nervous. "Uhh, can I stay here tonight?" She said quietly.

"Don't you have your own home?" He raised his eyebrow, or maybe his runaway suspicions were being confirmed.

"Well, yeah." Shit. "But I had an argument with my mom, and I don't really want to go back." *Well, that wasn't that bad of a lie.* She thought.

"It's a school night." He shook his head.

"I can leave early. I'm sneaky, like a ninja." (*Heh*) "Your mom won't

even know I'm here." She smiled, looking up at him. He was taller than her, but she didn't care.

He sighed. "Maybe, if you're quiet."

Yes! "Thanks! Which window is your room?"

"The last one on the left. BUT, you're gonna need to stay hidden. You okay with a closet?"

A closet was better than nothing. "I'm cool with it!" She smiled.

Dustin went inside, and she followed the side of the house until she found the last window on the left. She waited outside it, until it opened and Dustin peeked out.

"Echo?" He called softly. She popped up, causing him to flinch back. She chuckled. "I laid some jackets down in my closet, you can go in there." He pointed to a door, and she nodded and climbed in. She saw a glass tank on her side, and peeked inside.

"You have a turtle?"

"Oh, yes, that is Yertle." Dustin walked next to her, grinning his goofy smile.

You like that smile. The fuck? *No I don't! Why am I thinking about his smile?* She shook her head.

"You okay?" She looked up, blinking.

"Oh, yes, just tired."

He shrugged. "Well you can get settled, I have to get ready." She nodded, turning to his closet.

Well this is kind of awkward. She thought. *I am sleeping in a boys closet.* She opened the door, and peeked in. It was mostly empty, aside from a dresser, some hanging clothes, a few games, and the floor jackets.

She quietly moved in, shutting the door quietly and laying down. She waited for sleep, hearing Dustin come in and go to sleep himself, calling a 'goodnight'.